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LUDUS SCACCHIAE;

A

SATYR

AGAINST UNJUST

WARS:

Representing the intemperate
lust of a Wanton and never
satisfied Ambition.

Dum Vacat.—

L O N D O N :

Printed for Robert Clavel at the Peacock in
St. Pauls Church-yard, 1676.

THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON
IN THE YEAR 1660

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To the Reader.

Papers of this nature, having no coherence with each other, but passing abroad, loose, and nameless, are oftentimes (as Children straying from their Parents) seiz'd on, and possess'd by Wanderers; who do not yet think them stoln sure enough, till by distorting their Limbs, and newfashioning, and moulding them into unknown shapes (as the same Tribe deal with stoln Garments) they have alter'd the Property of the child; thus doubly lost, to its Parents first, and to it self after. Such having been the luck of some of these Papers, the Author thought

A 2

him-

himself concern'd, by suffering them
to appear as when he first parted
with them, to repair the Injury
done to them, Himself, and the Rea-
der.

Ludus

Ludus Scacchiæ.

BETWIXT two Potent *Sheeks* an endless Fewd
 Begun, decided, and agen renew'd;
 Where Equal Powers Equal Powers invade,
 By turnes who Triumph'd, and were Triumphs made;
 Where *Vertue* never did on *Fortune* wait,
 But drew *at home* the Lot of its own Fate;
 Death, both alike, or Victory pursue,
 'Cause other men had *nothing else* to do,
 We sing. But first, according to the Laws
 Of story, though some thus slightly speak oth' cause,
 We must not so pass't o'r, lest it be thought
 We knew as *little* on't, as *they* that fought.

The common Souldier, by Providence
 Call'd forth to Fight for Conscience, or for pence;
 (Both which he wanted, and return'd hom, fraught
 With full as much of either, as he brought)
 Made *that* his cause, oblig'd to kill and slay
 By *various* Religious, or *more sacred* pay.

Some talk'd of Fame, and Honour; gain'd by spoil,
 Rapine, destruction, and the Virtuous Toyle

Of shedding Blood ; in which crimes alone
They plac'd *All Honour*, and without e'm, none.

But these were private ends, which might be gain'd
Whether their party Right, or Wrong maintain'd;
But the Grand cause it self, is still a Mystery,
Mention'd by no Authentique Rime, or History ;
Only one Nameless Author, (who shall still
Be so for us since 'twas his own good-will)
Says, that they quarrell'd not 'bout *wrong*, or *Right* ;
But cause the one was *Black* and t'other *white* :
So that although in *shape*, both sides were one,
In substance, *Power*, *Value*, *Motion* ;
And for the *same*, did as the friend appear,
The sewds, through *deadly Colours*, mortal were :

So for like cause to death, the *Veneti*
Pursu'd and were pursu'd by th' *Prassini* ; (an
Though both were *Greeks*, though one were *as much* Christi-
As t'other ; both subjects of the same *Justinian* :
Had took *no Covenant*, fram'd no Cross-Religion
By serpents Innocence, and wit oth' Pidgeon ;
Fought for no *good* nor *hurt*, Honour nor Riches ;
But 'cause the *One* wore *Blew*, t'Other *Green Breeches* :
Yet, which with wonder must be told agen,
These *Veneti* and *Prassini* were men,
Though to all wise Mens Judgment, and the Tryal
Of Reason, their madness seem'd a *Self-denial*.

And so when minds from minds divided are,
Those Colours, oft give causeless, endless War ;
For *Minds* take *Colours* too, and the deep taint
Plots him a *Devil*, and guilds him a *Saint* :

For

For, As Lights simple, uncompounded Ray,
 Strikes all eyes with the same, One sense of Day :
 But that same Light, if through a mist it stream,
 Is Colour, in the Clouds, was Light, ich' Beam ;
 And is as various, and Phantastical,
 As is its various Passage, or its Fall :
 So the first pure Descents of Truth, and Right,
 Shed in all hearts, express One Native Light ;
 A Simple, primitive, untainted Flame,
 One ; as is One, that Glory whence it came.
 But this *same Truth*, beheld through Interest,
 Adherence, Folly, Pride, or other mist ;
 Is then discolour'd : And her own Chast Ray
 Is varied by the tinted Term, or way ;
 And she, whose simple, naked Candour's still
 The same, false Colours takes of Good and Ill,
 And through those Mists stains all she shines upon,
 With differing Colour, and Opinion ;
 Who, for Truth's self, embracing the Disguise,
 (The false Clowde's Beauty for the Goddess's)
 Do, for that Colours sake, hate those, who be
 Vested in any Other Livery ;
 And make it Capital, for all who Stray
 By differing Rules, and Err, Another way.

Some say they fought, as Indians, by Tradition ;
 And from the States Below, took their Commission.

Some, to enlarge their Empire ; Not to ease
 The wretched, as the glorious Hercules,
 (Who, for th' Oppressed, broke th' Oppressour's yoke,
 When he lop'd Hydra, and made Cacus smoke :

No preys from th' Helpless ravish'd, brand his Story;
 He *left the Spoiles*, and only *took the Glory*;) *But*, to detain the Captiv'd Liberty
Still Captive, and *Translate* the Tyranny;
 Grasping *false* Glories, and dishonour'd Power,
 Judg'd then *most* great, when most it can devour;
 That they themselves may spoyl *Alone*, whilst they
 Th' Oppress'd, and th' Oppressour, make *One* prey;
 Like Thieves, and Murtherers, as the bold Pirate
 Talking to *Alexander* at a High rate,
 Told that Great Conquerour, he had to all
 The Ships he took by Sea, as good a *Call*;
 As he and's Macedonians had, to seize
 The Eastern World, and make *Persia* Prize;
 That therefore he, the vanquish'd World's chief,
 Was but a *Great*, himself, a *Lesser* Thief;
 And those were *Vulgar*, and unjust decrees
 Which *Crown* the greater Crimes, but *Damn* the less;
 For the *same* guilty Facts, advancing him
 To the *due* Scaffold; him, toth' *Diadem*.

Some say they Fought only for their *Own* Quiet;
 For Body politique, keeping ill dyet,
 Full of diseases growes, *Rebellious* Tumors,
 Caus'd, as the Natural, by peccant Humors;
 Which to discharge, the cleanlyest way is found
 To purge: But let it *work* on Neighbours Ground.
 What e'r the Cause was, they resolv'd to fight,
Success would make *One* of 'em in the Right;
 For few pursue their Right, but their Advantage,
 And having Power once, They never want-adg-

-Ust cause, for Power can make Powerful Laws :
 Laws, make what's just, what's just, makes a good Cause ;
 So that whater'e the Cause seem at First fight,
 All victours, *first or last*, are in the Right.

Wherefore, no Field yet fought, we shall forbear
 To say the Righteous cause was *Here*, or *There* ;
 Despairing to be able to determine
 More knowingly what 'twas, than the poor vermine,
 Who Covenanted to Fight for't with their Lives,
 Their Goods, Their Fortunes, and their pregnant Wives :
 But the Success alone shall here demonstrate,
 To which, with greatest speed we shall go on straight ;
 Not staying to rehearse the General's speeches,
 Counting the Wealth stow'd in Foes Camp, or Breeches ;
 What blest Change of Fortune, Quarters. Linnen,
 (*Gold* they had long been out of, *Shirts* had bin-in ;)
 The Victory would yield 'em, *Victory*,
 That would indulg a *Boundless* Liberty ;
 Such, as in Peaceful times, were dangerous,
 Where men of Valour oft are caught ith' Noose,
 When for their *Private ends*, They practise ought
 Which for the *Publick good* they had been taught ;
 Committing in the High-ways, or oth' Borders,
 Some Honourable Action *without Orders* ;
 Whereas. for the *same deeds*, performed here,
 The Noble Hero straight would *Lawrel* weare ;
 For th' happy sword, All Rights, All Bonds dissolves,
 All Actions sacred, with prophane involves ;
 And the freed Victour, from those Bonds releas'd,
 places *above* a God, *beneath* a Beast :

For ev'n from *Nature's Laws*, (which Gods decree,
 And themselves keep,) Conquest shall set him free ;
 His licenc'd Rage and Lust, no Bounds regard,
 Those Crimes, are his bold *Trophies*, and *Reward* ;
 •Midst which Atchievements triumphing, he can
 Insult o'r th' vanquish'd, and forget the *Man* ;
 When torn by his wild Rage, defac'd shall lye
 The *Others*, and *His own Humanity* ;
 All Laws forgot, born, or deliver'd ; All,
 But the Good Orders of the General.

Prepared thus with powerful speech, and pay,
 And grant of ev'ry thing came in their way ;
 Both sides advance : But e'r we farther tell
 What in this memorable fight befel,
 We should, the motions of each piece, and worth,
 And th' Reasons for it, briefly first set forth :
 For here, the Art of War, as sure is told,
 As Chymists, taught by *Orpheus Hymns*, make Gold ;
 Yet *Dark*, and subject to *Interpretation*,
 As in revealing *Misteries* is the Fashion
 For prime and leading Authors : For they make sure
 Of Fame who *darkly* render things Obscure ;
 (For objects which in *Mists* are shewn, and *Night*,
 Their Terms being broken, and indefinite ;
 Are floating, doubtful, loose ; and manifold,
 Which now as stated, can, and one, behold :
 This, their presenters render *Safe* and *Great*,
 The veil, at once *honours*, and *hides* the Cheat)
 Keep in the Learned, *Ignorant*, and *Low-de* ,
Themselves confounding, and th' amazed *Crowds* ;

For whom they understand, and for whose sake,
 They Errours oft *expound*, and oft-times *make*;
 Yet, by a *wide* Interpretation,
 Can th' *Authors* fame, bring safe off, and their *Own*;
 That Fame, which th' Author gain'd, and th' world allots
 For profound *Gravity*, and *Knitting knots*;
 Who, had he spoke his Words out, *plain* and *clear*,
 Men had been *quiet*, 'cause th'ad spi'd *Nothing* there.

Which we espying here, (for any One
 May day at small hole see, and Night at none)
 We shall not much, Our selves, or Others, trouble
 Why some piece singly moves, and some moves double;
 Nor of the place, or shape, what is the *Moral*,
 Shall Reason any give, for some, or for All ;
 But leave it to the sage Mythologist,
 Who may be free to wander as he list ;
 To hide, what-ere he please, and he please, what tell.
 We must go forward to describe the Battel ,
 Which thus began : Betwixt each Camp, there lay
 An equal space, fit to begin the Fray,
 From that side, which by lot, Fate did decree
 In this sad war should the Agressours be
 A bold Pawn fallies out, and having run
 Double the Race of his slow motion,
 He halted in the middle of that space,
 Left if he should pursue his violent Race,
 Breathless, and spent, he might presented be,
 A Tyr'd, and not an Equal enemy.

But t'Other side, whose Resolution
 Was great as theirs, scorning to be slain on

Within

Within their Trenches, with like speed, send forth
 A valiant Pawn, of Equal strength, and worth ;
 These fight with Rage unheard-of, for how could
 They any Otherwise, since both were *wood* ?
 Yet both stood firm ; For with an easy ward
 'Gainst downright Blowes, their *Station* was their Guard.

Whilst int' each Others Heads, they lay about
 To beat their Own Cause, *in*, or Foes Brains, *Out*,
 Intentive only to each Others Blowes,
 (How great they were, none but who felt them knows)
 One of the Black-side's Pawnes of the next Rank
 Obliquely strikes the white Pawn through the Flank,
 He fell, and his fall had been sung aloud,
 But Common Names are lost among a Crowde.

The Pawn who guarded him reveng'd his Blood,
 And o'r the late proud Victour, Victour stood ;
 But without guard, which spi'd by adverse Bishop,
 He shoots an Arrow at him, which by mishap ;
 Pierc'd his Habergeon, though of toughest Leather,
 Armour of proof (alas) against *cold weather*,
 But not *cold Iron* ; That went quite through, and better,
 He fell to Earth, but rose in Fame much greater ;
 And to his wretched Heirs bequeath'd it, who
 To *live upon't*, had more than they could do ;
 Fame may be good to th' Dead, who eat not : But
 When in the Scale 'gainst *Living-hunger* put,
 It proves too light : For though Fame, e'vry-where
 Sound wondrous loude, The *Belly has no eare* ;
 But to provide for them, he cared not,
 As long as he himself was *gon to Pot*.

An Adverse Knight espi'd this, and leaping here
And there about the Field, and every-where
O're Neighbours Shoulders, at the last falls on
The King and Bishop with his * *Dulcarnon*.

* The Pythagorean Y, and the Logician's Dilemma, are both of them Horned; Because they present two Objects of Choice, both dangerous, and one of them inevitable; rendring the mind anxious and perplex'd, being inforc'd to a Necessity of Election, yet not knowing which peril to choose. Chawcer, in his *Troilus and Cresseid*, when Cresseid was in a like Extremity, makes her say?

I am till God mee better mind send
At *Dulcarnon* right at my wits end.

Meaning, she was reduc'd to the same Condition as is affected by the Powers of the Y, or the Dilemma, for either of which Expressions, Chawcer substitutes, this new One of his Own, of the very same import, taking it from the *Æra Dhilcarnain*, which was Alexander's *Æra*: who, to establish that Opinion of his being the Son of Jupiter Hammon (who was Corniger) caus'd a coin to be stamp'd, having his Own Image or it with Two Hornes as well as his Father Hammon; whose Image also was on the Reverse, (a Coin of which I have by me) And the Greeks, in memory of Him, substituted Another *Æra* in place of their *Olimpiad*, and call'd it (*Æra Alexandra*) Alexanders *Æra*. This *Æra*, the Arabians call'd *Æra Dhilcarnair*, viz. *Æra habentis duo Cornua*: which our Excellent Poet, though in those dull times, saw as clearly as Scaliger did after; and accordingly made use of.

whoever observes the Knight's Cheque, That it equally threatens Two Opposites, and unavoidably destroyes One, will allow the Expression; and not take *Dulcarnon* for the name of the Knights Sword.

No passage open 'gainst the Knight there lay,
 For *Numerous Pawnes* obstructed all the way;
 Wherefore, the King *first* from the danger freed,
 Himself, the Bishop off'ed in his steed;
 The Knight *incontinent* in his place did stand,
 And having cast him down, *Possessed his Land.*

Fortune now doubtful stood; here, victory
 Crowns the successful; Others bleed and dye;
 In *differing Fates*, their *Glories Equal* be,
 This boasts his *Conquest*; He, his *Destiny*.
 Time, and succeeding Charges, *buries All*,
 And levels t'*Others Triumph*, with his *Fall*.

But to describe Each *Private Fate*, or *Glory*
 Or th' different Wounds and Deaths to lay before ye,
 As *Grave Historians* well-seen in Poetry,
 Do, when plain Narratives they beautifie,
 Telling, how many ways wild Man had found
 To ruine Man; Here, One dye *without wound*,
 Trod under Foot; There, (which might be thought Fiction)
 Knight, all-berai'd in Blood, Or his Own miction,
 Lyes drown'd in *Open Fields*; or midst the Host,
 Here closing lips beneath, breaths out the Ghost:
 We, who to Truth and Brevity pretend,
 Shall here omit, and hasten to an end.

Nor shall we tell what *Salvid Aben Patrick*
 Deposes, how One oth' Sheeks design'd by a-trick,
 To ruine t'Other, making the War cease,
 And during pleasure, an *Eternal Peace*;
 That, itl' mean time, *watching the Others water*,
 Whilest he lay still, and dreamt of no such matter,

This

This, who was Watchful, did embrace th' Occasion,
 And following the present *Dispensation*;
 Which Providence *held forth*, (and he had Grace
 To take, being a Saint of Mahomet's Own Race)
 Quitting that Honour, by which Men draw nigh
 The Gods; those Garlands, which *veracity*
 Plants on their Glorious, their still-flourishing Brow,
 Who truth revere, and to its Altars bow,
 For th' fading Glories, successful perjury
 Does yield, fell on, and gain'd the victory:
 But what *Ben Patrick* says, is nought to us,
 We follow better Authors, who write thus.

Each Sheck had by his side a bold virago,
Penthesilea such was long time ago;
 And she, who did of late so stoutly pull-a-
 -Crow with *Sr. Hudibras*, Our modern Trulla;
 One of these Dames, whose Valour, and bold worth
 Safely forgot, when Honour call'd Her forth
 Oppress'd with Number, fell; and drew upon
 The Foe, a *Numerous* Ruine, with Her *One*:
 The Victours, by her Death grown confident,
 Against the frighted Sheck, their whole Force bent;
 Who, with his small strength guarded, sometimes flies,
 Then stands, charges, retires, and all ways tries;
 Till at the last he gain'd, a *Pass*, where, free
 From Check, he breaths, and faces th' Enemy.
 Whilst thus they stand at gaze, designing how
 These may o'come; *This*, shun the Overthrow,
 A valiant Pawn oth' distress'd Parties side,
 Who, Fortune, *Follower* took; and Vertue, *Guide*;

To

To the Foes last, and greatest strength, made on,
 Which he possess'd, maintain'd, and reach'd a Crown;
 The spoyles of that late glorious Amazon,
 Who had before been Partner of the Throne;
 He, since in him Her vertues are enshrin'd,
 Is now the *Queen*; No sex in the mind;
 Vertue, whom it *adornes*, it *equals*; All
 With her bright Lawrel bound, are *Laureats All*;
 And with this wrath, *Each* circles his *Own Brow*;
 The vertuous, to *Themselves* their Garland owe;
 Which, men (*aloof*) beholding, deck with Praise,
 These, do but *Honour*; *Theirselves Plant* their Bayes.

Amaz'd, with this so generous, self-rai'd supply,
 The Sheck, with joy, with dread, the Enemy;
 She takes th' Advantage of that Fear, and Charges,
 And their thin, opening Troops, urging, enlarges;
 Down falls a Rook, and Bishop, Knight withdrawes
 To place of safety; Fear has no shame, nor Laws;
 To the abandon'd Sheck, shee then gives *Mate*,
 The Hand that gave it forth, Honour'd the Fate.

Thus was this scene of Blood once acted, when
 These which are puppets now, at first were Men,
 As is recorded by a Bard oth' *Chinois*,
 From whom, Great *Naso*, so call'd from his high-nose,
 Borrow'd much matter in's *Metamorphosis*;
 But, none knowes why has wholly left out this;
 Which truth, out of that *Bards* own words, we here
 Hold forth, as by comparing 'twill appear.

Fate (quoth he) which in its deeds is dark and ample,
 Decreed to make these Miscreants an Example;

And

And though she some, for causes like, does dignifie;
 Enraged now, she did these *Arabs* lignifie;
 Their close designs and Frauds, a Patern made
 To all, who drive of War the guilty Trade,
 And in this wanton *Field*, since 'twas unknown
 Which party did the *Juster Armes* put on;
 Whose cause for *Current* went, and whose did lag;
 She shuffled Both of 'em into *One Bag*;
 From whence drawn forth, as if they still were then;
 Upon the like Good cause, They'th to't agen.

To the Memory of my Dear Friend and
Tutor, Mr. John Gregory of Christ-
Church.

I'Le not accuse thy fall; that well-plac'd Fate
Made thee th' *Desire* of th' Age, no more the *Fate*,
'Tis just, it wants, what it contemns; that they
Wander unpittied, who despise the way;
Fools their *Own sentence*, still, and Judgment are,
They beg their ill; and suffer that false Pray'r.

Nor will we pity thee; since, what thy mind,
In its Restraint, and Prison, could not find,
Press'd with its *Body*, and the *time*, it now,
Free'd from th' ungrateful Loads, does clearly know;
Truth's thy possession; And what e'r *begin*,
Of Knowledg here, ends now in *vision*;
Errour, and wonder cease, and that pure Fire,
Which, when it cover'd lay, and shaded here,
Thou couldst not fully, by its languishing,
Faint Ray, discover the true Face of Things,
(As Colours are not judg'd ith' twilight, where,
Wants *Darkness*, to be *hid*, and *Light*, t' appear:)
Shines out unclouded now; and does enjoy
All its high Essence dares, a Bright, *full day*,
Of knowledg, where, th' Light, pure, and unmix'd does
No false Refraction, nor Errour's in the Beam: (stream
No doubtful Colour (that veil of shade and Light)
Disguises things, no distance breaks the sight:

But that unbounded Glory, that certain light,
Commands all Objects ; sure and Infinite.

Let it not wrong thy Memory, that we
Admiring what thou *Now* art, do pass by
Thy knowledg *Here*, as if 'twere wanting, No;
What *Man* could find. *Thou* needst not *Die*, to know,
Language was thine, and what that language frames,
Thou wert not seen only in empty Names ;
Those, the *Materials* of thy knowledg were,
But not the *work* : Thou only *enterd'st* there
Where Other *rest* ; and fraught with their rich prey,
Thou brought'st home thence, Arts, numerous as they.

'Twere idle to recount them. By thine Own
Remains th' hast left us, They are greater known
Than by Our faint Report, th' are they, must raise
Trophies, that will outlive all Lesser praise.

For to the same Duration, sacred be,
The Aged *Relique*, and the *Memory*.

*To the Memory of Mr. William Cartwright
of Chr. Ch.*

Crown'd with thine Own choice Bay, we do not bring
Hither. Our cheap, and humble Offering,
As by it we could raise up Ought to thee ;
There's no Access comes to the Deity
By th' sacrifices that to th' Altar fall ;
(The God is *worthy* of his Honour) All
Those wealthy vows, not Make him, but Confess,
They *Tell* the Worth, not it *increase* ;
That scorns to Owe to the poor Votary,
Worth were *thence less*, whence it could Greater be.

And such was thine, not born from Others Fame,
Parent, and Honour th' art, of thine Own Name ;
'Twere wrong t' attest it ; when th' Sun to his Mid-way
Has dimb'd, who needs Bear witness to the day ?
'Twere to Suspect his Lustre, and betray
The Truth and Evidence of his Own Ray.

Clear as that Fire, and high as is that Fire,
Which did, as that, break forth, as that, aspire ;
Thine was, 't took wing, disdain'd, and left the Ground,
Great, and unusual, and with wonder Crown'd :
Reach'd at, and gain'd the Height ; touch'd the bold Thirst,
Made known the Pow'r and the high Rage of verse.

All, but th' Short Life oth' Ray, (like th' Lightning Ray
Which Shines, and dyes, glances, and darts away,)

Thine

Thine *lasting* was; As that continual Fire
Which t' after Ages *wakes* ith' Sepulcher;
Wild wit, like *wild-fires*, Once alone we see,
They shoot, and Blare, but ith' presentment dye.

Nor was there *Light*, and *Heat* alone, but thence
(That Act of Both) a quick strong Influence;
Through All the parts divided, made them *One*,
Gave to each *Part*, t' it self proportion,
And to the *Whole*; And in that Union
Made Life, and Order, strength, and Beauty join.

Nor did this Active mind. and influence
Reflect upon it *Self* alone: But thence,
(As the Sun's quickning Operation, can
Perfect the Mass begun, and finish Man)
Inform the *Hearers*; Raise, and inspire them, with
Those Numbers only, that high and greater Breath:
(As did the happy Thracian's Powerful Song,
Which forc'd the Lyon, and his Den along,
And plac'd a Soul there:) As if Each had been
The Issue, and the Creature of thy Pen.

That Life which thou on Others couldst confer,
Assume thy self; And know no Sepulcher,
'Tis to thee, both thy Crown. and Recompence,
The Glory, and Reward of Eloquence.

Live then Great Shade' and spight of Time and Death,
Take of thine Own, *Another*; farther *Breath*,

Upon Ben. Johnson's Picture.

Thus look'd, the Guide, and Raiser of the stage,
 Whom, *first* the Age saw Great, then he the Age;
Johnson : in whom, those distant Parts (ne'r great
 But when divided) *Judgment* and *Fancy* met.
 All was not *Rapture* ; Nor (to shun that) *Supine*,
 (Like their dull works who put their *Prose* in *Rime*)
 But a just, *Equal Heat*, Each part inform'd
 Which, both at once, *Beauty* and *strength* adorn'd.

Thy plaies were not only ith' *Action* seen,
 As when *St. George*, and *Dragon Both*, came in ;
 And good *Sr. Lancelot* with his trenchard Blade,
 Broke the Gyants Head *in earnest*, and made
 The Boyes, and (wiser than the Boyes) the *Men*,
 Laugh, and cry out, *Let's ha' that Jest agen!*
 No ; by itself, we could approve thy play,
 Though *Bevis* and the *Champions* were away.

No *General Muster* came upon thy stage,
 No *Piques*, nor *Errant Prentises* did rage ;
 No *Batteries* were made, nor did the *Drum*
 With direful Noise, *Summon* the *Tyring Room*,
 'Twas *Peace* in thy time *Ben!* Some *Messenger*
 Brought in th' *Event*, but carried off the *War*.

Thou ne'r such *Tragique* words, or sense, didst choose
 Which did the *People*, and thy self amuse ;
 No *Caytiff* vile was plung'd in *speckling Troubles*
 Of *Sinking Grief*, rowld up in *sevenfold Doubles*

Of plaguts unvanquishable : Though thy Muse flew high
 And lessen'd to the City, *some* might descry,
 Thou, didst not alter Nature ; Things came in
 Such as th' are Born. no Outrage wrong'd the scene :
 No Ship was cast away in *Open Field* ;
 Nor fort, in *Person*, did come in, and yield ;
 Nor wast all One to thee, *which* crost the Seas,
 The sad *Ambassadour*, or *Tripoles* ;
 Things had their just proportion, Colour, Light,
 Nature ne'r fell, nor Reason, both kept their Right.

The Poets Fictions, though didst resign
 To Boyes, and Pedants ; Thou didst not vex Each line
 With Harpyes, Gorgons, Hydra's, Bears, and Goddesses,
 Beyond *Tim Corgats* works ; or *Homer's Odyssees* ;
 Such Antique draughts ne'r Issued from thy Pen,
 Thou turnd'st the Centaurs Out, and brought'st in Men.

But he was *slow*, and *heavy*, a year scarce brings
 One play forth ! Fools ! The *wary growth* of things
 Precludes to their *Continuance* ; delays
 Crown Poems, the price, and emblem of the Bays :
 Plants that live Ages, creep *slowly* from the Earth ;
 They came forth *late*, and *Aged* in the *Birth* ;
 So steddly, careful, and (*So*) *slow*, grew thine,
 Perfect, *Full-tim'd*, and truly Masculine ;
 Born to Posterity, and the long stay.
 Of Ages ; such, as shall ne'r decay
 Till time fall with e'm, till the Muses grace
 Prin's Poems, Or nice Ladyes court thy Face.

To the Lady B. Upon the first coming to E.
after her Marriage.

MAke ready the *Libation*! Bring the *wine*
Hither, and the choycest *Flowers*, as when
We invoke the *Genius* of the *Place*, to bless
It, with ~~a~~ Solemn, farther Happiness.

Such be the Rites, while to this happy seat
(Fit for so fair Receipt) we call as Great,
But a diviner Presence; which, to th' place
New Beauties shall divide, and its Own Grace.

So when a Temple, or an Altar's rais'd,
Not yet devoted, though the Building's prais'd,
The Height, firm Beauty, and silent Awe's admir'd,
'Tis still *Imperfect* yet, while th' God's desir'd,
Whose *Presence* must possess, and fill that space,
And Own the common Beauty of the place.

Such here, both th' want, and Lustre was, where All,
For which, or Greatness, or delight could call,
Was met together like th' dwellings Fancy reares,
When parting from Obscure and humble Lares,
It raises palaces, advances Towers,
Plants those continual Shades, and living Bowers
Where *Lovers* or the *Blessed* dwell; and bring
Flowers which *every* Breath, and *stay* the spring;
To whose quick Rains, All Colours fade, and set,
But yours, to whom ev'n those seem Counterfet.

Tis

Tis not the Rose's Blush, nor the *first Day*
 Oth' Lillies new-disclos'd, Own whiteness, may
 Express that Beauty, which Triumphs, like that staid,
 Which, through a crimson veil, the Sun's Rays strain'd,
 Shed on an Ivory Table, where th' Light streams
 More *Glorious* from the *Cloud*, than from the Beam.

Fair Copy to th' Endeavours of these Flowres,
 Whose Colours, shadow only are to yours,
 But Life, and pattern t'Other Beauties give
 That wonder hither! and with it relieve
 The Shade, and Faintness, of their Lustre; where
 May it still flourish! Nor Age nor sickness bear
 Spoils from that Face: But like that Beauty, which
 This Outward Form encloses (your, far more rich
 And lovely virtue) Or those Chast equal Fires
 Kindled in either Breast, which still aspire;
 And know no want, no failing, or decay,
 But ever climb, their steadfast, earnest way;
 May that endure! From this blest Union
 Where all those Beauties, and Perfections join
 In their full Height, and Bounty, which Others own
 Lessen'd and maim'd, in their *Descent* alone;
 Where we, (your Bloud's or Fortune's Eminence
 Being spar'd,) might place, and count you from the *Cense*
 Of virtue only, and from thence begin
 Your long Descent, may a like Issue spring!
 On whom, amongst those Other that attend
 Their Birth, may that *Best Part*, Virtue descend.

Upon

Upon One Vaulting.

THE Pindar he leap'd full thirty Foot back,
 'Twas a good jump i' those days, but short yet of Jack;
 Nay though 'thad forty been, John yet were safe,
 You know the Pindar had a Quarter-staff;
 Which, (as when th' fellows careless Head it broke
 Which stood int's way, so here) *Strikes a good stroke*;
 But he needs no such help; He, by his Own
 Meer motion, gets up, and by the same gets down,
 Not so old *Sinon*. the *Treacherous Possilion*,
 Who rod the *Great-horse* charg'd with Greeks to Iliou,
 And those walls, o'r which, not ten years prevail'd,
 In One short night, he and his Ambush scal'd;
 They *came not off* so well, for why? They slid
 Down by a Rope, *says Virgil*, (And so they did)
 But he at Once can, fetching a compass quite
 About his Courser, both get up, and alight:
 Hence then perfidious Greeks, who did not faulter
 By Ladder to get up, and down by Halter;
 Thou dost desire such Ominous Motions O John
 Oth' Traytrous Greeks, and mount'st like a true Trojan.
 The best oth' Greeks thou put'st down, ev'n no Worse-man
 Then *Chiron*, who his Own self, was a Horse-Man;
 Which greater Worth than his, if some require
 That it should plainly here be made appear,
 With this one Argument let John be rited,
 John can dismount, No centaur ever lighted:

As Antient Authors write, Sages and Poets,
 Profound Mythologists, and the small No-wits,
 Therefore *John*, 'is both in the *History*
 Greater than *Chiron*, and eke in the *Mystery*;
 Since he alone oth' twain, must needs be best,
 Whose *Region* of the *Man*, can *quit the Beast*.

O *Pacolet*! who with a wooden pin
 Didst guide thy nimble steed through th' Air so thin,
 To teach us vertue; Boast not thy wonderous course,
 Nor vaunt O Knight, who on thy steddý Horse
 Brave *Clavileno*, for *Trifalds* fair,
 Didst *Malambruno* seek, pacing the Air;
 And (*all at length*) didst leap, some say, fall down,
 This was thy *Horses* Prowess, not thine Own;
 Nor any henceforth boast, their *Horses* force
 Leaps hedg, Or ditch, *John* shall leap o'r their Horse.

A Pasto-

A Pastoral Ode by T. Randolph.

(SHEPHEARD.)

COy *calia*, dost Thou see
 Yon' hollow Mountain tottering o'r the plain,
 O'r which, a *fatal* Tree
 With *Treacherous* Shade, betraid the sleepy Swain ?
 Beneath it is a Cell,
 As full of Horrour, as my Breast of Care :
 Ruine therein might dwell ;
 As a fit Room for Guilt, and black Despair :
 Thence will I headlong throw
 This wretched weight, this heap of Misery ;
 And in the dust below
 Bury my Carcass, and the Thought of thee :
 Which when I finish'd have,
 I hate the dead, as thou hast done Alive !
 But come not neer my Grave,
 Lest I take Heat from thee, and so revive.

The

The Answer.

CÆLIA:

STay hapless swain, Return!
 Love's Altar knowes no *Bloody Sacrifice* ;
 No *Guilty Fires* there burn,
 He only *wounds*, not *kills* his Voraries.
 Stay Shepherd! pity *Me*,
 Since to thy *self*, thou bear'st such stubborn Hate,
 Is thy try'd Constancy
 Faithful to *Plagues*? That's though thy *wanted Fate*:
 Death with all thy *Griefs* end,
 They'l lye forgotten in the same dust with thee ;
 My *sorrows* enter then,
 And the long mischief *still* will torture *Me*.
 Why wouldst thou perish *Now*?
 Twas the *Coy CÆLIA* made thee *hate* thy Breath,
 ' Shee'l be no *more so* now :
 O Turn fond Friend, and do not *loose* thy Death.

Chorus.

Let the Tree flourish ! And
 Forget his *Fatal Name*; but adorn'd thus
 Cast a *New Shade* ; and stand
 For ever Sacred unto *Love*, and us.

Crown

(30)

Crown the dry and wither'd Hill
With fresher Roses, then h' has yet had on,
And may he now be *still*!
Or if he totter, Let him *fall Alone*.

Horat.

Horat. Ode 7. Lib. Car. 4.

Ad Manlium torquatum.

THE Snow's dissolv'd, and the chaf'd Flowers, return
 Back to their Field : By the Trees, Leaves are worn,
 Earth Shifts her Habit ; The Bank (but now despis'd,)
 Checks the whole River ; And it self doth Rise,
 The Graces, with the Nymphs, now naked, may
 Visit the Field ; smiling, and Fair, as they,
 The year tells us w'are mortal, and th' gliding stay
 Of the prone Hours, hurrying the Light away ;
 The Gentle, easy Blasts awake the Spring,
 The Hot remove it hence and Summer bring :
 That's fled when th' Trees bow down their Loads, and then,
 The dull, cold winter binds up all agen.

But the Swift Moons return the year, But we !
 When once we fall, shall with *Aneas* lye,
Tullus and *Ancus* ; And (born no more) shall fade
 Into our Urns, Dust and forgotten Shade.

Who's sure the next Sun shall Shine on Him? and raise
 The small spent Sum, and moment of his Days?

That

That which thou leav'st, thy heaps of Wealth and Care,
 Shall perish too, and slide from thy glad Heir,
 When once th' hast left the Day, and the just Jüdg, shall
 Fix thy *Eternal Doom*, (thy truest fall)
 'Tis not thy Birth, nor Eloquence, can free
 And quit thee from't, nor thy late Piety.

Boet.

Care,

shall

Boet. de Consol. Phil. lib. 2.
Met. 4.

Boet.

WHol'd fix a *Sure* Retreat,
 A lasting, wary seat ;
 Safe, when the wild storms blow,
 And the Seas overflow ;
 Let him the Hills proud Height,
 And th' Sands *false* Bottom sleight :
 That, the loud Tempests shake,
 These, the vain Pile forsake.
 Shunning the envious Fate,
 Does pleasant seats await ?
 Let thy low, humble Cell
 In a Rock's Bosom dwell :
 Though Seas and Tempests join
 In *One* Confusion,
 Hid in that quiet space,
 Thy stedfast Rock's Embrace,
 Thou shalt compleat thine Age,
 And scorn the Cloud's vain Rage.

C

SONG.

S O N G.

1 **W**ithdraw my Cælia! Cloud thine eye,
Smile on an *Enemy*;

Those Glances *Murther* where they flye,
Retire that piercing, earnest Light!

And my faint, wounded fight,
Else rather with a *Shade*, and night:
The bliss, which in a boundless, wanton Flood,
Showres on the narrow Soul, a vaster Good,
With Excessive joys,
Th' or'whelmed Pow'r destroys.

2. Those lovely Aires be far away!

Which, of the Syren's Lay
The sweetness, and the *Death* convey:
In these, *more Fate, more Magique* lye,

These, must the Syren *flee*,
Or hearing, charm'd, must *follow thee*:
But since those Deaths, where Souls flye *ravish'd* hence,
Have more of joy, than *Life* can e'r dispence,
Smile and sing, Cælia, *Life's* an Ill,
Where *Smiles*, and *Soft Aires* kill.

3. Thus

3. Thus, Souls with Raptures charmed lye,

When from their Cells they fly,

Call'd, not by *Death*, but *Ecstasy*:

Thus the Divine *Nepenthe*, gives

Life, which in *Slumbers* lives,

When Fate it *urges* and *retrieves*.

And thus, whilst by that voice and eye, betrayd,

My Soul, (as motions like, their like obey)

Does to *Elizium* stray,

Elizium is the *way*.

C 2

The

ence,

Thus

The Cyprian Virgin.

When *Cyprus* fatal Hour drew nigh,
 And only One year was untold
 Decreed by impartial Destiny
 That *Venice* should that Island hold,

The Turkish General *Mustapha*
 Sat down before *Nicosia*.

To the Venetian Seignory
Cyprus a hundred years did bow ;
 But to a greater Tyranny
 Its vanquish'd Head it must yield now ;

Dominions cease, and scepters dye,
 And low, as their fal'n Princes lye.

Nicosia long had peace enjoy'd,
 Seated ith' midst oth' fertile Isle ;
 And by no Enemy annoy'd,
 Had all the thoughts of War exil'd ;
 War followes peace ; And that War may
 Prevail, Peace does it Self betray.

Wak'd with the Rumor of this War,
 With a new strong defensive Wall,
 With Bulwarks firm and Regular
 Their City they encompass'd All :

Who knowes whe'r Fates are fix'd ? Or we
 May Fate retrieve by Industry ?

But

But all this Guard unequal was
 To the Opposers violence;
 The Cannons Thunderbolts took place,
 And rent in sunder All Defence.

Mans strength, far weaker than Mans Rage,
 Does borrow'd Powers, and Furies wage.

The Foe prevails; and, as a Flood
 Whose weight all Banks, and Dams bear down,
 Swells high, and loud, by nought withstood;
 So the proud Foe o'rewhelms the Town.

But Floods are calm to him, what can
 Equal the Boundless Rage of Man?

Who thirst for Blood may glutted be,
 Who lusts, may gratifie that vice;
 For, the Reward of Victory,
 Of Cities storm'd the glorious price,

Is, That the Souldier is left free
 To put off his Humanity.

But what's forbid by Heaven's Decrees,
 Can Generals to their Souldiers give?
 Laws against Lusts, and Cruelties
 In Heaven sign'd, Dare they retrieve?

The happy sword may give new Law
 To th' vanquish'd, must not Heaven awe.

Forbidden Lusts whilst they permit,
 And Fury raging beyond Death,
 They, that themselves are Men, forget,
 And with the vanquish'd draw One Breath:

Swords licenc'd thus, 'gainst Heav'n are drawn,
 They gain the Day, but lose the Man.

By th' Sword 'bove fifteen thousand fall,
 And twenty thousand Captives led:
 These, do the slain more happy call;
 And closely chain'd, envy the Dead.

The slain, no Victour can enslave,
 Eternal Freedom dwells i'th' Grave.

Who ere has Beauty, strength, or Art,
 Now yields it up, as *Spoils* to th' Foe,
 Captives have in themselves no part,
 But to the Victour All forgone:

They breath for *Him*; who, as their Fate
 Dispences Life, or gives it Date.

Three Ships, with Dead and living Spoils,
 (Treasure and Captives) loaden were;
 The Harvest of that Summers toils
 To *Sea* sent by th' Conquerour:

The Blood and Guilt of *Thousands*, must
 Serve *One Mans* Luxury, and Lust.

The Mothers, spread alongst the Shoare;
 Follow the Ships with big-swoln eyes,
 To see those, they should see no more,
 And to the Heavens send their Cryes;

Uncertain what from thence to seek,
 A happy Voyage, or a wreck.

For to *what end* should their vain Pray'r
 Beg *Prosperous* Gales, and *Happy* winds,
 That wafted by a gentler Air,
 They might at length *Safe Bondage* find?

Let rather Rocks in sunder rend
 Their Limbs, and their swift thralldom end.

But what soft Mother, ever could
 To hardned *Rocks* for *Pitty* call?
 'Twere too too fearful to behold
 Their mangled Limbs in pieces fall;

Wherefore, of Heav'n, they beg *Heaven's will*;
 Ready to suffer't, or fulfill.

A Virgin 'mongst the Captives was,
 Who seated by that *Cyrian* Queen,
 Which Poets in this Island place,
 That *Venus* had less *Venus* been;

For this, more *Goddess*, held enshrin'd
 In her Fair shape, a fairer mind.

she, with some Others, destin'd was
 To the Grand Seignor's lustful Bed,
 To suffer an enforc'd embrace,
 As victims are to altars led,

Who die for *Others Crimes*; As these
 To Others Lusts are sacrific'd.

But She above Captivity
 A Freedom held in her great mind,
 Which soar'd beyond their Victory
 And their dull Triumphs left behind:

Vertue born up oth' Soule's great wing,
 No sword can into Bondage bring.

To that loath'd Fate I am reserv'd,
 I scarce dare think upon, Said she;
 Ye Pow'rs who th' helpless still preserve,
 Mine Honour guard, and Chastity!

Which e're i'll yield to violate,
 I'll be my self mine Own bold Fate.

Full of Great thoughts, She moves about
 Slowly, not minding of her way,
 And follows One amidst the Rout
 Who at the Magazine did stay;

A Torch he bore in's hand, which gave
 Light to the Horrour of the Cave.

(41)

The suddain Change of Objects, made
Her retir'd Spirits fally out,
To view, what in that dismal Shade
Had interrupted her fix'd Thought ;

The Object pleas'd, fit to wait on
Her glorious Resolution.

Snatching the Torch out of his hand
Who held it, not regarding Her,
She straightway hurl'd the flaming Brand
Into the Powder that lay there

And as into the Heap it fell,
I'me Free (said She) Tyrant Farewel!

As swift as thought, a dreadful Cloud,
(Where ribs of Ships, and Mens Limbs rent
Floated, in One confused Flood)
With Horrour to the Heavens went :

What the *same moment saw, the same*
Saw vanquish'd and without a Name.

Where's the insulting Victour now ?
Where does the Captiv'd wretch remain ?
One Blast, the Lawrel from *his Brow,*
Has *strook,* and from *his Neck,* the Chain :

Victour and vanquish'd both are lost
And equall'd in One Common Dust.

The

Nothing,

Nothing escap'd but each fled *Mind*
 With its *Deeds vertuous, or unjust* ;
 Which both *went with't and staid behind*
 To punish or Reward its Dust.

Good Deeds, from *Men, Fame and Renown*
 Receive ; And from just *Heav'n* a Crown.

Learn Justice then *yet living Souls* !
 And an unblemish'd purity ;
 Which both the Earth, and *Heav'n* enrolls,
 And will *Survive*, when Bodies *dye*.

The Glories of the *Chast*, and *Just*
 Renew and spring out of their dust.

'Mongst these Records of Earth and *Heav'n*,
Bless'd Virgin be thy Name enroll'd !
 Who by thy great Example given
 To aged Time and Flame, hast told

The following world, 'Tis *less* to dye
 Than to dishonour Chastity.

Live ! great Example of it then !
 And with it twine thy Honour'd Name,
 By the succeeding Race of Men
 Plac'd high in the Record of Fame.

Where the *Chast Cyprian Virgin* Shines
 Amongst the *Ancient Heroins*.

EPITAPH.

E P I T A P H.

*On two Young Children, M. and A. R.
Who were kill'd in their Beds by the fall
of a Chimney.*

Sleep boldy on! No careless Ruine's nigh,
No second heap to bid you *wake and Dye* :
This Earth will press you *gently*, This weight, must
Securely yield up, and reveal its Dust.
Since then *This*, Rest ; *That*, Death and Ruine gave ;
Call *this* your *Bed* ! 'Twas *'Tother* was your *Grave*.
When *sleep* betrayes, and Our Breath *Slumbers* seize ;
O Let all *Sleep* as *Innocent* as these!

E P I

EPITAPH,

On Mrs. E. G.

Beauty, youth, and what e're we
 Lovely call, *Here Buried lye :*
 Dust has e'm ; And their choice Forms, they
 Have lost ith' undistinguish'd Clay.
 But the Beauties of her mind
 No Grave seals up, No Earth can bind,
 They, with her Soul ; And they alone,
 Live Beauteous still, and still her Own:
 The spoils due to the Grave value no more !
 Call all those Pageants (Reader) Dust, *Before.*

EPI TAPH.

On Mrs. V. H. Aged 62 Years.

Like th' Shock of Corn, which its full Age has seen,
 She came to th' Grave, not *snatch'd*, but *gather'd* in;
 Whose Life, not only from the years she told
 We Aged call, But from her *virtues*, Old:
 These gave her years; and Crown'd those years they gave,
 Her Life, *erst* lasting made; and *now*, her Grave:
 For these enshrine our Dust; These, from Change free
 Make few years, Age; and Age, Eternity.

EPI-

EPI

E P I T A P H.

On Mrs. M. M.

R eader! In vain, you search for memory
 Of Ought, ith' Land when *All forgotten* lye
 Silence, and Night, here their dark Mansions have;
 These make, and Seal the Story of the Grave:
 Here lyes Dust: Unfashion'd now,
 Moulded Once, and form'd, as Thou,
 Beauty fate there, and youth, Life's fairest Flowers;
 Pleasant, but swift, and passing as its Houres:
 Those Garlands, with the Brow that wore them, wither;
 Life, and its vainer Blossoms fell together.
 But within her Soul enshrin'd,
 Vertue waits on the fled mind,
 Whose leaves fade not, measur'd by
 Time, or by Eternity:
 Whence the Soul divided never,
Wears a Crown, and Triumphs ever.
 Reader! No more, declining Shadows trust,
 Call Vertue, Beauty; Other Beauty, dust.

A Reflection upon that Discourse of, Lipsius de Constantia, the discourse having been rendred into English by the Author in our troublesome Times, and printed with it.

ANd what is't that can harm thee now ? I'me Free,
Yet by no monstrous, tainted Liberty;
Above All Human Power; secure and high,
I quietly attend All Misery.

For judgment, nor the Act of Chance, is sound,
Nor Man; (Affliction springs not from the Ground)
No ; from th' Eternal, wakeful, Providence;
(That most Confess'd, most unknown Influence)
All things, as they their Life and Being have,
Their Act and Motion; so their Rest and Grave.
All struggling's then in vain : Proud, Feeble clay,
Look whence the stroke proceeds, and Learn t' Obey.

But Cheerfully Obey ! as thou wert Free,
And couldst resist ; 'Tis Imbecillity,
And not Obedience, that suffers, cause
Necessity enjoynes, and the hard Laws
Of Fate : Choose what befalls thee then ! And lay
Thy bold repinings, and vain strengths away ;
Obedience is thy surest Guard, To will
What must befall, shuns and deceives the Ill ;

End

But he's twice harm'd ; who, when there's no Defence,
Endures both th' *ill*, and's *Own Impatience*.

And what should *fright* thy will ? What from *Above*
Descends, where nought but *Goodness* dwells, and *Love*,
Is *Good* and *Loving* too ; No plague comes *nigh*,
Nor from that *Dwelling* ; those *Emissions*, *high*,
And *Healthful* are ; *Divine Beatitude*
Is not from *hence* alone, 'cause 't does *exclude*
All evil from it self ; and comprehend
All Good ; But, 'cause that *Good descend*,
Joys in that *Bliss* it does to *Others* bring,
Spread a *full Shade*, an *universal wing* ;
Under whose cool Defence, All *Creatures* rest ;
A *Pow'r still Blessing*, and for ever *Bless*.

Say not, from thence, that each *Affliction*,
Each unkind mixture, Each distress comes down,
And these are evils ; No ! We falsely guess
That *Love*, by *Outward* pain or *Happiness* ;
Those smiles do neither Cure, nor those *Griefs* kill ;
For neither joy is *Good*, nor pain is *ill*.

Not the poor joys of *Earth* : nor its false pain,
Which while th' affect us, do withdraw again,
(As when a storm, gives, or a Sun, to th' *Flow'r*,
The *Beauty*, or the sickness of an *Hou'r*)
And when th' are fled, (As *Flowres* their drooping *Head*
Never to rise, let fall ;) Th' are *Ever* fled ;
Fled like a pleasing, or unquiet *Dream*,
Or like the smooth, or the complaining stream,
Which *Yesterday* (ne'r to return) pass'd by :
Their *Torment*, and their joy, Then, *Equal* be ;

And

And in One *Ev'n State*, together lye
 The *Glorious*, and the *Wretched*, Memory
 Is *All* that does divide 'em ; For what's past,
 Time has seal'd up, and the dark Grave holds fast ;
 Their *Present Sence* of what is fled, is One :
 The *wretched*, *Suffers not* His pain *that's gone* ;
 Nor th' happy, *feels his joy* : But One deep Night
 Has drawn it's heavy Wing, and clos'd *Each Light* ;
 No pleasing, or ingrateful Sence remains,
 But the *saint Story* of the Joys or Pains.

Such Shadows are th' Affections Good or Ill,
 Fleet as their Objects : But the Soul's great will
 Pursues no *dying Good* ; but those, that be
 Companions of its *Own Eternity* ;
 For th' Good that's *Chosen*, must proportion'd be
 To th' Pow'r that *Chose*, that it may satisfie
 Its *utmost Cravings*, when reposing there
 It shall *enjoy and lose* its *Vast desire* :
 But 'mongst the Mines of Earth, there's none can fill
 Th' Embraces of the Soul, nor bound its will :
 False to their Love, they do but Cheat the mind ;
 For parting, those dull Goods will stay Behind.

It therefore Courts a *lasting Happiness*,
 And hates that Evil, which *no Change* can bless ;
 Enjoys the Peace of *Truth and Vertue* ; flies
 The pain of *Error*, and *Impieties*.
 Rectitude measures what it *Loves*, and *Shuns* ;
 Guide of its knowledg, and its Actions.

Such is the *Soul's* delight ! Such its high Love !
 A Pure, Immortal Beauty, lodg'd Above,

D

Which

Which outlives Change ; and *unconcern'd*, looks on
 The *Torrent of a Desolation* ;
 When All the Things, which here we Glorious call,
 Stoop to their First Earth ; And together fall
 Low as their Foundations : When nought withstand
 The Fury of the *Glorious, Guilty Hand*,
 But One heap made, shew, what Confusion
 Deforms the World, when *Strength and Madness* joyn.

There, (like a steep, bold Rock, which midst the flood
 Has *thousand* storms, and *thousand* Thunders stood ;
 Whose *Safe* Foundations laid *Beneath* the Deep,
 Quiet, and low, ith' Earth's firm Bosom sleep,
 Free from the War oth' Tempest, whilst his proud
 Advanced head, rais'd 'bove both Sea, and Cloud,
 Views *Either* storm *Beneath* ; and safe does lye
 Though *midst* the *Rage*, yet 'bove the *Injury*)
 Thy Great Mind stand *Secure* ; *High*, and *Alone*,
 It Self intire, and its *Possession* :
 For *who* can wound, Or lead thy *Mind* away
Captive ? Or take thy *Vertue* 'mongst the *Prey* ?

It Conquers Time and Death : And does abide
 When th' sence of suffering, Or enjoyings fled ;
 For when the pleasure, or the pain is *gone*,
 The Conscience of a Vertuous Action
Lives, and Rewards the doer : These joys Alone
Know not the Grave, Nor see *Corruption* ;
 But with the Soul, whose Good they are, ascend ;
 Pure, Immaterial, Aged as the mind.

N'er to be parted, For the Good desir'd,
 Though sever'd ith' pursuit, yet when acquir'd,

Is with the Pow'r desiring it, made *One* ;
 For All *Desire* tends to *Perfection*,
 (The high Reward of *Love*) which then's attain'd,
 When the *Imperfect* Pow'r, t' its *Fair Hope* chain'd;
 Weds the *Beloved Object* to its *Own*
 Being ; From which *intire* *Perfection*
Crowning its Being, and with it made *One*
 Who shall divide it, makes the *Being None*.

If then the Soul's Enjoyments are *Above* ;
 If it's high, well-aim'd wishes *thither* move,
 If Truth, and Goodness only, are its end ;
 All things befall us, as they *thither* tend
 Are Good, or Bad ; Since things subservient
 To Other ends, are nam'd from the Event.

What then *unwings* the Soul, and *stops* its Flight ;
 Which or depresses, or suspends its height,
 Wrongs th' End ; which, if unskilful *Happiness*
 Shall do, if from its weight this Motion cease ;
 That flattering Bliss will to thy sorrows add ;
 'Tis but a Death sent *Smiling* ; ill, *well-clad*.

Or, If Affliction shall *Promote* its way,
 If by it, (free'd from th' Hindrance, and delay
 Of Outward Things,) The Soul, now left *Alone*
 (*Preluding* to its Separation)
 Shall view these perishing Objects, with those Eyes
 Which both their *Presence*, and their *want* despise ;
 And with a pure and rectifi'd desire
 To *Goodness* only shall, and Truth aspire :
 Th' Afflicted shall *lament no more* : But bless
 The *Mercy* of the wound ; The *Happiness*,

To which, (as when dark storms or Clouds conceal
A God descending,) *Sorrow* was the *veil*.

Aim then *aright*, thy ill-plac'd Hope and Fear !
For since the Glorious, and the Scorn'd Things Here
Wait for *One Change* ; (as when the last great Flame
Shall mingle *Stars* and *Dust* :) And since *No Name*
Shall know them *any more* when parted hence,
Nor their Effects, return, and strike the sense ;
(For who enjoys the *faln Flower* ? Who can tell
Where th' Rose has *hid* its Colour ? *left* its smell ?
Whither, its fair, its untaught Blast did *stray* ?
Or what rude wind stole its *last* Breath away ?
That can new-dress the scatter'd Flower, can tye
The Leaves into their knot *again*, which flye
The *vain* winds scorn ?) Leave the delights of Earth !
(Those Flowers oth' Field.) And whence thy Soul its
Derives, Ascend ! kindle a *new* Desire (Birth
Within thy Breast ; A *genuine* Native Fire ;
Which to that Beauty climbs that dwells *Above*,
That *Glorious Endless Form* ! Be *this* thy Love !
Tother, Embrace, or Shun, as They *Serve* this ;
Call 'em th' *Attendants* On it, *not* the *Bliss* ;
Follow the *End* ! 'Tis *that alone* can stay
The Soul, No Rest's to them who dwell ith' way :

ETERNAL POWER ! Cause of our joy and Grief,
From whom, *All Sorrow* comes and *All Relief*,
Guide us in *Either* ! If Thou'lt have us tri'd
With Outward *Blessings*, Teach us to abide
The strong *Temptations* of Happiness :
But if (Our Frailty known) Thou'lt rather Bless

Us with *Affliction* (since *Prosperity*
Of Fools destroys 'em) Let's not repine, that we
 Are freed from th' *Curious Danger*; Nor be cast down,
 And murmur at thy mercy, 'cause thy *Frown*
Saves us; But cheerfully submit to Thee;
 Since Our Distresses, and Our Sufferings, be
 The *Care of Heaven*; Since the Pow'r directs
 And which commands the Plague, *That Pow'r protects.*

Thus when we have devolv'd Our selves on thee,
Whate'r befalls us, joy, or Misery,
 We shall be *Safe in Either*; plac'd on High
 (As our Defence is) when the storms pass by,
 The wild impatient storms, *Beneath us, we*
 (As the safe Lawrel, when each blasted Tree
 Oth' Grove the last Mark stand oth' Lightnings way)
 Shall *still be Green*, and *Flourish like that Bay*:

D 3

That

That of Ovid *Met.* 12.

*Jam timor ille Phrygum, Deus et
tutela pelasgi
Nominis Æacides, &c.*

Transfer'd to Our CHARLES I

AND now the Brittain's *Crown* and *Guard*, the Dread
Of jealous ——— whose unconquer'd Head
Nor Tongues nor Arms subdu'd, oth' low Block laid,
By th' votes which Glory promis'd, is betray'd.
Hee's Dust now; And of that Great Prince, we have
Only what scarce fills up a *Nameless* Grave;
But his vast Fame, spread o'r the world, still lives
And fills it; and his *Endless* Name retrieves:
This to his worth's Commensurate, and this
Equals Thee, CHARLES! And shall contemn th' Abiss.

PANE-

P A N E G Y R I C K,

To His Excellency the thrice-noble
General, General MONK.

W HAT Honour, th' Ancients to their Vertue gave
Who *Monsters* quell'd and the *Oppressed* sav'd,
Though clad in *Fable*, (and thence, bolder drawn,
As not by th' *Life*, but heightned *Fancy* tane)
Is due to you, Who, a more *ravenous* Crew,
Of *Hidra's*, *Harpies*, (*Monsters of prey*) subdue,
Than they or *knew*, or *fain'd* : whilst thus, to you,
Both All *True Story* yield, and *Fable* too,
Those vanquish'd Acts, which they, as *wonders* tell,
Gain our *Belief*, but *lose* their *Miracle* ;
And *your Deeds*, make, whilst They thus stand alone,
Their ravish'd *Garlands*, and Their *Wreaths*, *your Own*.
After a Twenty years restless *Expence*
Of *Treasure*, *Prudence*, *Blood*, and *Innocence* :
The *Great work* in Our hands still prospering, we
At length achiev'd *Bondage* and *Infamy* ;
A *Bondage*, where we did *unpittied* lye,
Since 'twas Our *Crime*, not *Infelicity* ;
Gain'd, to the *dear*, *unvalued* losses, of Those
Who to successful *Guilt*, vain *Arms* oppos'd :
Brave Souls ! Who, when the *Torrent* *highest* flood,
Cast *your selves in*, to stein th' *Impatient* Flood ;

But swallow'd by the Gulph, to th' greedy wave
All, but your *Conscience* and your *Honour*, gave :
 They, their *Own Heav'n* attaining whence they came,
 Left us your *Great Example*, and *long Name* ;
 For though *Our Crimes* must in *Oblivion* lye,
 (The *Stress* oth' *Times*) your *Vertues* ne'r shall die.

Thus, deep in Guilt, which its *Own vengeance* drew,
 Suffering *true* ills, whilst we *false* *Fears* eschew ;
 Reaping the Guilt of Our ill-guided pray'r,
 Which against sacred things we durst prefer,
 We lay, The Conquest of *those vows*, and *Tears*,
 Which Heav'n in *wrath* alone, and *judgment* hears.

Caught thus ith' snare which Our Own Folly laid,
 All Civil, and Religious Rites betraid,
 As of pass'd streams, or a fled Life stoln by,
 Only the *Fable* of Our *Liberty*
 Remain'd ; whose *Worth* its *Loss* made *greater* known ;
 As heightned Glories, by deep'st, *Shades* are shown.

This, after freedom Our vain *wishes* led,
 But not Our *Hopes* ; they, with Our freedom, fled.
 Souls in Eternal Night, may *wish* for Day,
 Not *hope* it, Hope leaves *that End* which has *No way*.

So wholly shut up, so deplor'd seem'd Ours ;
 Stop'd, and forbidden by *devoted* Pow'r's :
 Whom the great *Gain* of Guilt, and greater *Fear*,
 Heightned by Art or *Conscience* to Despair,
 Made *Sure* to the *Black Cause* ; Thus misled, *They*
 Fell to their *Chiefs* ; we unto *Both*, a prey.

And now Confusion pour'd in ; All Our world
 By *violence*, and *Fanatique Fury* hurl'd :

The

The Victours quarrel, Not to make *us* free,
 But whose Inheritance the Slaves shall be;
 How to cut out, and Share the *Bleeding prey*,
 And keep the Saints in *Everlasting pay*;
 Whose Feaver highest beats, and does present
 The Closest, Heaviest yoke of Government;
 His, who, of *Helots* dreamt, and *Gibeonites*,
 Placing o'r Each, the *Spartan Israelites*
 In the *select Senate*; Or his, who saw
 The longer vision of *Oceana*.

These, and what-e'r some *New-Trance* might reveal,
 One Heat enact, and the next Fit repeal,
 From their *Prodigious Lights* what rais'd could be
 To th' scorn of *Reason* and *Humanity*,
 More horrid yet, we fear'd; more without Name,
 Or Bottomless, than th' pit from whence it came.

But he, whom *Seas*, and the deaf winds obey,
 And th' people, more enrag'd, more deaf than they,
 Whose presence, the swift Checks of ill declare,
 And o'r the Helpless, a *Surprising Care*;
 (That Dread, to Guilty Powers may still be nigh;
 And Hope to th' wretched's low Calamity:)
 Look'd down; And (by your Hand!) parting each wave
 To Peace, and Liberty a passage gave;
 Our King, to *us* did; *us*, unto Our King,
 (The Sum, and Measure of Our Blessing) bring:

What Statue shall preserve you? Or, to your Fame
 Equal, what loud Inscription bear *Monke's Name*?
 Who, not misled b' Ambition's vain Desires,
 (Those erring, and those swiftly-falling Fires)

(58)

But guided by those *Laws* firm *Vertue* gives,
And that *Fair Honour*, which by Her still lives,
Did a blest'd Order from Confusion bring,
Faithful to *God*, your *Country*, and your *King*.

On

*On the City of S. purchase of the Cap
of Maintenance.*

THis Relique cost us 'bove three hundred pound,
 Badg of Our Honour, and Discretion :
 But, what did make't a saving Bargain, was,
 We got the *Cloſe* in, and *St. Nicholas* :
 Now we may throw Our Cap at 'em ; All's gone !
 Our wit, Our money, and Dominion :
 Should *They* requite us, 'twere much *Cheaper* done ;
 We *bought* the *Cloſe*, but they might *beg* Our Town.

Stra-

Strada's Nightingale

In Imitation of Claudian's stile.

NOW the prone Sun stoop'd to his Western way,
 From his bright hairs darting a softer Ray,
 When, by cool Tibur's streams, a Lutanist
 On his full mellow Lute his Cares releas'd ;
 From the Heat's pow'r defended by the Shade,
 Which, as an Arbour form'd, the dark Holme made.

Him, in th' adjoining woods, close armes embrac'd ;
 A Nightingale o'rehears, the muse oth' place,
 Its Siren, (harmless Siren) Who, stoln neer,
 Stood listning midst the thicker Branches ; Where
 The sounds he strikes, She takes ; and from her Breast,
 Those, his swift fingers gave, her voice exprest.

The Lutanist, the emulous Notes o'reheard ;
 And meaning t' entertain the lovely Bird,
 With swiftest touch he does each Nerve explore,
 Strains, those were lax, looses th' o'restretch'd before ;
 Nor slower She, Coynes into thousand Notes
 The melted Air through her dividing Throat.

Th' Artists skill'd hand then drawn o'r th' trembling
 Sometimes his Nail the careless plecter serves ; Nerves,
 Which, in a bold, contemning motion thrown,
 With One, smooth, Equal dust, all Chords kemb down ;
Then

Then Beats, and with his trembling fingers tops,
Breaks the *whole Sound* into *Swift parts*, then stops.

She, with as many modes, his Art repaies
With Art ; Now, as She had forgot her laies,
She, a plain, *Single Tone*, unvaried, strikes ;
Then *trilling*, with a *Second*, that Note breakes ;
O're *Both which* hov'ring, but assur'd to None,
She 'twixt *two Notes*, divides the *floating Tone*.

The Artist wonders, so exile a Throat
Should yield so various, and so sweet a Note,
Wherefore, with bolder strokes, the differing strings
By turnes he moves, whilst with a *quicker Spring*
The *smaller Nerves* do vibrate : But the Base
Their *wide excursions* make, with *slower pace* ;
Whose hoarser Notes, which with those loud Tones jar
He joynes, as when the Trumpet sounds in War.

This too the sweet Bird Sings ; whose liquid Breast
Having a *smart and trembling Note* exprest,
She on the suddain from that Height falls down
To the *low murmur* of a *hollow Tone*,
Purling within Her Breast ; Then does excite
By turnes, both tones, as sounding to a Fight.

The Lutanist, with Shame and Anger fill'd,
That th' *untaught voice*, Notes 'bove *his Art* should yield,
Or this (saies he) Thou woods wild Chorister
Shall ne'r return, Or I will break my Lire !
This said, He with inimitable Straines
Urges his Lute ; mounts, and descends again
Through all the Chord ; *beats, flings, divides, and trills*,
And in the *dying Close* all Numbers fills :

Then

Then staies, expecting what the Bird would do.

But she, although her wearid Throat grew rough
With her late toyle, yet touch'd with the disdain
Of being vanquish'd, She unites (*in vain!*)

All her spent powers ; For whilst the *Numerous Tone*
Of differing Strings, She strives to match with *One*,
unequal to th' attempt, but *more*, to Grief,

Faints; And in a *Soft Tone*, breathing forth *Life*,
Falls on the Victours Lute ; A *decent Grave!*

Such Aimes at Vertue, *All*, ev'n least Souls, have.

F I N I S.

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